

# DOCTOR • WHO

## HOT METAL

PART TWO

Trapped inside the Crystalline Matrix of the Daily Eon newspaper, Hoopball Superstar Ray Royce sent an *SOS* out into the galaxy.

Having stumbled across Ray's plea for help, the Doctor has himself been *digitized* into the News Factory...

They got him. Now we're done for.

Whooooah!

Ooof!

Ouch. Ah...  
*Turf*. That's a good sign!

Doctor! But how...?

G'day Ray! Easy peasy. I just disrupted the Robocopier's filing system to send me straight to the sports page.

Pleased to meet you. I can get rid of this now! You're *much* taller than you look in print!

Oh, man. That is such a bad likeness. Don't I even get picture approval?!

No time for that. We need to get to the Editorial, so we can put a stop to all this.

Actually, *all this* is incredible. A whole *virtual* world, just for you.

That's how the Eon works. Each journalist gets their own *private* universe, generated from their memories.



I'm *forced* to replay each of my most famous victories, and *defeats*, over and over again.

And the Crystalline Matrix *converts* that data directly into column inches for the newspaper. Brilliant.

An endless supply of stories. No wonder they wanted to scan *me* so much.

They'd have needed to publish a whole colour supplement. Every single week. With free gifts.

And they'll soon work out you're here. You're *erroneous copy* now, Doc.

SubEds will be here *any second*. They exist to root out rogue spelling mistakes and bad grammar.

Well, I'm the *biggest* grammatical error they're ever going to meet. Come on!



We've gotta get outta here *right now!*

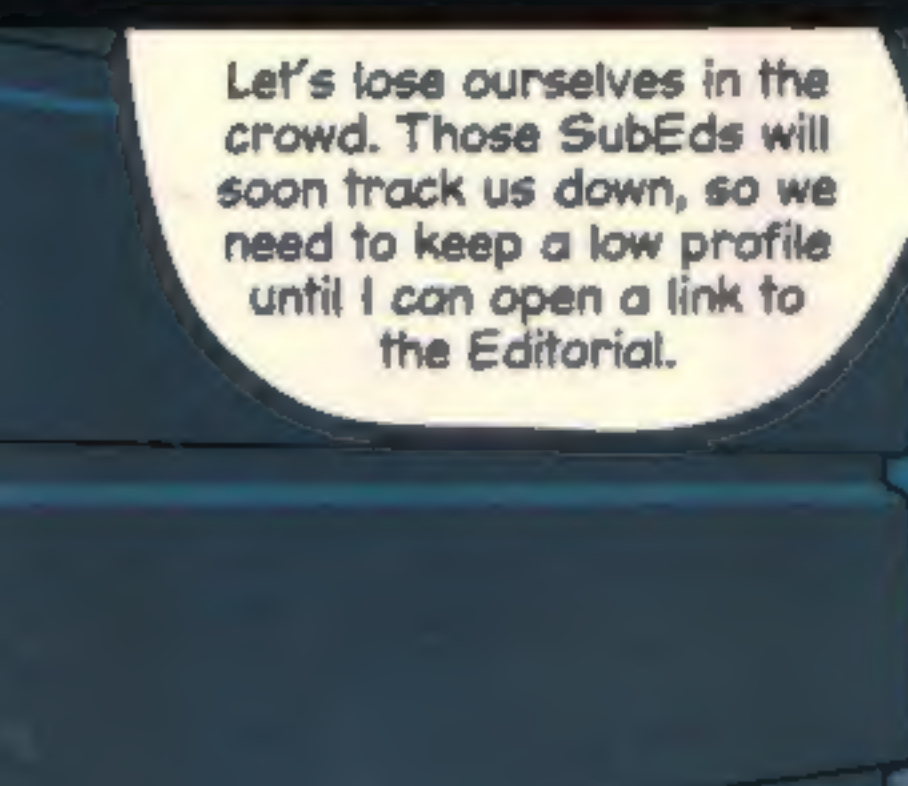
I'm *working* on it. I need some time.

Got it, Doc.

Hey team, we need some cover. Four-four-two formation. Attack pattern Delta. *Go!*











Ray! Ray Royce!  
Come over here  
you big lug!

Oh, hoop-rot.  
It's the wife!



Where the *hoops* have you  
been? How am I supposed to  
maintain my WAG status if we  
aren't photographed together  
at these gigs? I send you  
guest passes and...

Signing up to the Eon staff  
was all *your* idea, Boudica.  
You know I hate all this celeb  
stuff. I'd have happily retired  
and become a vidcast pundit  
on *Hoop of the Day*...



Now look what  
you've done. We'll be  
*splashed* all over the  
front page!

I thought *that* was  
what you wanted?

Not *all* news is good  
news. You have *so*  
much to learn.



Is she always  
like this?

Worse.  
Suddenly, eternal  
enslavement at  
the Eon doesn't  
seem so bad.



Hello there. Who's  
your friend, Ray? He's  
*gorgeous*. Why don't  
you introduce me.

Oh brother!

Hello. Absolute  
*pleasure*. Ray's told  
me, oh *reams* about  
you. Let's get inside  
quickly now, and we can  
have a nice little chat.



Too late, Doc!  
They've *found*  
us again!





This way.  
Quickly!

How *dare* you.  
Unhand me you...  
*Yikes!*



There's a crystal  
node right here.  
More like a junction  
box. If I can *just* get  
it resonating at the  
right *frequency*...



It's got a  
deadlock seal.  
I can't open it.

No sweat, Doc.  
I'm on it.



Hey, *ugly*. I'm  
over here. Catch  
me if you can.

Is he...? Is he  
doing what  
I *think* he's  
doing?

Erm... *JUMP!*

The *idiot!* They're  
coming this way!



WHAT?

That seems  
to have done  
the trick!

I'll never get  
another party  
invite again!





Are you the Proprietor? I want a *word* with you about littering.

And I *resign*.



How *dare* you enter my office without an appointment! Robocopers - seize them!



Looks like your robot chums are kaput.

When your SubEds smashed through this portal, they *disrupted* the fabric of the Crystalline Matrix and caused a massive neural feedback loop.

You what?

The Eon has published its *last* edition.



But people *need* news. They can't get enough gossip. They crave scandal!

Nah. They just look at the pictures between hyperspace jumps to kill a bit of time.



So I'm *finished*. My business is in ruins!

Well, there are a lot of discarded copies of the Eon floating about out there. Have you ever thought of getting into the *recycling* business...?



Thanks for *everything*, Doc. Living in the past was getting kinda repetitive.

What about us, Doctor? How am I supposed to survive without guaranteed photo opportunities and press coverage?

I hear the vidcast chat shows are running short of showbiz couples over in the *Ell-Ay* Galaxy. You'll fit right in. Cheerio!

Join the Doctor for another new adventure next week!